

Open call for prison architects  
Send me all blueprints a.s.a.p.  
Stack the wall such that I cannot breathe  
Man is bleeding forever  
Because of the weather  
I hope soon to leave from the east  
No more absolutes, no more absolutes  
Stick your penitentiary clothes inside the vent and run along  
Amateur seasalt gatherers colonised  
Good enough for conrad hilton  
Not good enough for my eyes  
I trust you will tell me  
If I am making a fool of myself  
Man is bleeding forever  
Breeding forever  
They come out blister the sea